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THE DISINTERESTED SUITOR'S VALENTINE

IF THOU THY HEART WOULDST GIVE TO ME,
HOW VERY USEFUL THOU COULDST BE!

Stern Bros

have just received
and will exhibit this week
Their first

**Spring Importations
of High-class**

Paris Lingerie

comprising the latest creations
from the leading houses
among which will be found
many exclusive novelties in

Matinees,

**Negligees, Petticoats,
Night Robes,**

Chemises,

**Corset Covers,
and Pantalons**

West 23d St.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean
is to wash the excretions
from it off; the skin takes
care of itself inside, if not
blocked outside.

To wash it often and
clean, without doing any
sort of violence to it, re-
quires a most gentle soap,
a soap with no free al-
kali in it.

Pears' the soap that
clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists, all sorts of people use it.

B. Altman & Co.

NEW YORK.

**FURNISHINGS
FOR SUMMER HOMES.**

Plain and Figured Drapery Silks,
Embroidered and Printed East
India Fabrics, French and English
Cretonnes; Bagdad Embroideries
for Curtains, Table Covers, Scarfs
and Mantle Draperies; Damascus
Stripes for Piazza Cushions and
Wicker Furniture; Ruffled Muslin
Curtains, English Printed Cotton
Materials, suitable for Wall Cover-
ings and Curtains, Bed Spreads
and Table Covers; also Rugs and
Rug Carpets.

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Hangings, etc., furnished on
Application.



Registered Trade Mark.

Printed Piques.

We are showing some very
novel designs and colorings in
this stylish fabric, suitable for
waists or gowns. One of them
is an ombre striped effect in
blue, pink, helio or green and
polka dot of black. Others are
clear cut, dainty colorings, of
small figures on white grounds,
with tiny black dots; also bias
plaids of color on white grounds,
or geometrical figures of white
on colored grounds, helio, blue
or pink. 40 cents per yard.

"THE LINEN STORE."

James McCutcheon & Co.

14 West 23d St., New York.

C.D.GIBSON DRAWS ONLY FOR LIFE



IS THIS A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. A.?

It is now 6.45 P. M. and this dog has been kept out here since 10 this morning.

dollars will receive one of these proofs free (selection to be made from our cata-
logue), also back numbers of LIFE from September 8 to December 31, 1898 (con-
taining the Mr. Pipp Series, by Gibson), the extra 1899 Easter and Christmas
numbers of LIFE (retailed at 25 cents each), and LIFE for one year, from January
1 to December 31, 1899 (52 numbers). This offer is net, and orders must be sent
direct to LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West 31st St., New York City.

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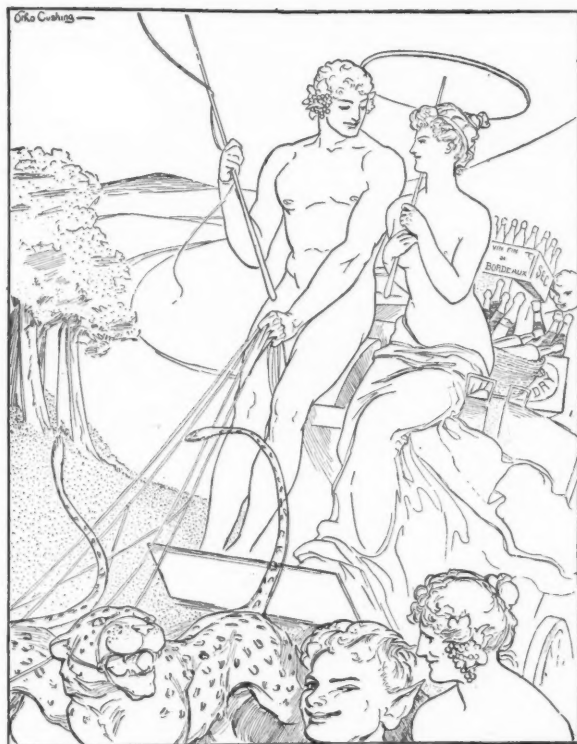


THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
VIII.

While in Paris Mr Pipp, just after dinner, steps out for a few moments
with a chance acquaintance. It is now 2.30 A. M.

**This Drawing is One of the Mr. Pipp Series, by C. D. Gibson, now
Running in Life, Included in the Above Offer.**

·LIFE·



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.



PARIS AND HELEN.

HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.

"Πρόφερ μὴ μοι ἐρατὰ δῶρα χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης"

"The White Man's Burden."

UNCLE SAM TO KIPLING.

"Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days."—R. K.

O H, thank you, Mr. Kipling,
For showing us the way
To buckle down to business
And end our "childish day."
We know we're young and frisky
And haven't too much sense—
At least, not in the measure
We'll have a few years hence.

Now, this same "White Man's
burden"

You're asking us to tote
Is not so unfamiliar

As you're inclined to note.
We freed three million negroes,
Their babies and their wives;
It cost a billion dollars,
And near a million lives!

And while we were a-fighting
In all those "thankless years"

We did not get much helping—
Well, not from English "peers."
And so—with best intentions—
We're not exactly wild
To free the Filipino,
"Half devil and half child."

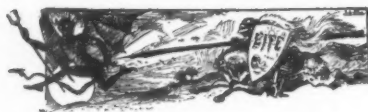
Then, thank you, Mr Kipling,
Though not disposed to groan
About the White Man's burden,
We've troubles of our own;
Enough to keep us busy
When English friends inquire,
"Why don't you use your talons?
There are chestnuts in the fire!"
Droch.

SPEAK to a woman disparagingly
of her sex, she is up in arms.
Speak to her disparagingly of a mem-
ber of her sex—well, it is difficult to
prognosticate her attitude, but she
will not be up in arms.



Bear: SO KIND OF YOU TO BRING ME A LIGHT—I THINK I
SAW A FEW MORE IN THERE.

A DVENTURE is more useful in colonization
than in connubiality.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

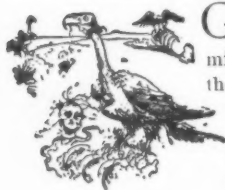
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GENERAL MILES is accused of very serious misconduct in appealing to the newspapers against the War Department. He is threatened with court-martial, also with being relieved from duty as Major-General commanding the army. There is no objection, so far as is generally known, to disciplining General Miles according to his deserts. Our neighbor the *Sun*, a journal which is on terms of considerable intimacy with the Administration, says that his conduct has been disgraceful, and should bring upon him the universal loathing of his countrymen. "He is no soldier," says the *Sun*; "his uniform ought to be stripped from him." If the case is as bad as that, General Miles certainly ought to have official attention. He is officially and personally responsible for his conduct, and is doubtless ready to take the full consequences of whatever is amiss about it. The most obvious immediate reason for finding fault with him seems to be that, as the General commanding the army, he has gathered testimony about the beef supplied to the army during the late war and has published it in the newspapers. The testimony so gathered establishes beyond reasonable doubt the fact that a large proportion of the beef supplied was very, very bad. No doubt it is distressing to Secretary Alger, and even to the President to learn that the beef the War Department paid for was such nasty stuff. If they can get any satisfaction out of General Miles they had better get it. Public disapproval of General Miles's course, however, is not so pronounced as it might be if the public mind were less

hospitable to the impression that the desire of the War Department was to cover up all scandals rather than ventilate them, and that General Miles's appeal to the public through the newspapers was the expedient of a man who could accomplish nothing through official channels.

The motive for General Alger's appointment was politics. The ruling motive of General Alger's administration of the War Department has been politics. If General Miles, finding politics the all-controlling factor, has determined to fight the devil with fire, it is probable that his course will not wholly fail of finding popular sympathy.



WE are getting back to all the old chronic interests to which our attention was wont to be periodically directed before the late war. Agitation of the woman suffrage question has begun again, the agitators in this State drawing much apparent encouragement from Governor Roosevelt's admission that he favored a gradual extension of suffrage to women, though it was not clear to him how far it ought to go. Women have a voice in school matters at Oyster Bay. The Governor is satisfied that limited suffrage works well there, and thinks it might work well elsewhere. Probably it would. Lately, while Tammany has been raising salaries, the women school teachers of Brooklyn have been sending delegations to the Mayor to plead against the reduction of their pay. It is quite possible that if the Brooklyn school-ma'ams had votes, even in school matters, their salaries would cause them less anxiety.



ANOTHER old friend has come back to us in the renewal of discourse about Mrs. Maybrick. She is still in prison in England, and the folks who think she ought not to be there are bestirring themselves again to get her out. It is almost universally admitted that Mrs. Maybrick was convicted on inadequate testimony, and, indeed, the doubts of her guilt that remained after the verdict of the jury, were recognized in the commutation of her sentence to imprisonment for life. It was never proved that

her husband died of poison at all, much less that she poisoned him. What was pretty clearly demonstrated was that she had a lover whom she preferred to her husband. That is a serious offense, but not one which the law punished with death or life imprisonment. Mrs. Maybrick has been ten years in prison now, and if our British brethren can see their way to let her out it will ease the minds of many worthy persons on both sides of the ocean, and save heaps of talk and time.



ALL the newspapers concur in the opinion that the new scheme devised by the Treasury Department for the delay and mortification of travelers coming here from Europe is a complete success. The new order is that the Custom House inspector shall examine every article purchased abroad which the traveler has with him. That takes time and provokes lamentation. The Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Howell, is pleased with the new rules, and says they are wise and benevolent, and that if anything ails them it is the fault of the inspectors. Nothing ails them as yet, but presently, no doubt, they will be less rigidly enforced, like all the rules that have preceded them. The true way for the Treasury to manage is to serve out bathrobes for travelers to come ashore in, and seize and sell at auction all the clothing and effects they have brought with them. That would be perfectly fair to everyone, and might help to break Americans of the objectionable habit of going abroad, and to discourage in foreigners the propensity to visit this country.

Not the least annoying feature in the collection of this penny-wise tax is that foreigners coming into the country are exempt from it. It is exasperating enough to have one's personal wearing apparel dumped out on the dock in a miscellaneous heap for the inspection and criticism of one's fellow-passengers and their friends, without the accompanying humiliation of seeing the haughty Briton and sneering Spaniard walk off unsearched and triumphant. In these circumstances, even good Republicans and died-in-the-wool believers in Major McKinley's policy of Protection have been known to use evil language.



Through Shell Phone.

"HELLO! War Department?"

"Alger in?"

"This you, most noble Secretary?"

"LIFE."

"Not at all. The sentiment is mutual, I can assure you."

"Not treated you well? Who has? The papers haven't."

"No, nor the public neither. Even the—"

"Hello! I say even the army officers think you are pretty low down."

"Yes. And the intelligent and liberal-minded Republicans say you are at the bottom of a good deal of the—hello!"

"I say dirty work."

"Of course it's hard. Do you know how you should treat all this?"

"Why, with resignation, of course. Good-by."

"HELLO! Yes, this is LIFE."

"Oh, how are you, General Miles?"

"Yes, you are having a tough time of it."

"Yes, that's what comes of being in the regular army."

"But you mustn't blame him, General."

He is only obeying his natural instincts. The Major appointed him, and the Major is responsible."

"Of course. But the Secretary's sense of honor is like the beef some of the soldiers got—it's embalmed."

"Eagan got excited, that's all."

"You seem to be sore all around. You ought to have been in the navy. Never mind."

"Hello!"

"Hello! I say never mind. You can still write for the magazines. Good-by."



AN UP-TO-DATE SUITOR.

Her Father: IF YOU ARE ALREADY ENGAGED AND MATTERS HAVE BEEN SETTLED BETWEEN YOU, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?
The Budding Financier: I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW FROM YOU WHETHER IT'S ADVISABLE TO MARRY HER.



CHESS TERM.

"KNIGHT TAKES BISHOP."



THE CRAFTY TIGER HUNTER.

Lord Chumdoodles: EVEN IF I MISS I GUESS I'LL BE SAFE, IF IT'S A SENSIBLE TIGER.



SOME CREWEL FEATURES OF THE LATE WAR.

"FEED the brute" still remains the unsurpassed advice tendered the much-beset spouse of a testy husband.



IT was the night of the fourteenth of February. The air was thick with snow and thousands of Loves were whirling through it, bringing in the accounts of the year for the great Bowman's ledger.

In the apartments of Archibald Reed all was still except for the snapping of the cannel coal in the fire on the generous hearth of the sitting-room. It was a typical bachelor's apartment, charming with rich-toned rugs, huge easy-chairs, trophies of sport, guns, foils, rods and golf clubs, and pictures and books in every available spot. On the mantel-piece, tempering the bric-a-brac, were the photographs of half a dozen beautiful women, friends and celebrities. One of them, looking as

if it were photographed from a painting, unlike the others, was unsigned.

Into the quiet of the room fluttered a Love. He glanced about eagerly, but his impression was evidently disappointing. As his gaze fell on the photographs massed together, he shrugged his shoulders. "All on a level," he muttered, and turned to the sleeping apartment. He was gone but a moment, returning with a perceptibly lengthened countenance. "One of the incorrigibles," he grumbled; "horses and dogs, and no time for a sweetheart." Then he went over and sat at the open desk beneath the lamplight, and drew out the papers from several pigeon-holes. "Nothing but bills," he sighed; "pigeon-holes

ought to hold love letters, not bills." The warmth of the room was making him sleepy. "Yet pigeons have bills"—he dropped his head on the blotting-pad and in a moment would have been fast asleep, had not another Love just then arrived.

"Hello, Little Flame; have you finished here?"

The small head bobbed up from the desk. "Is that you, Chappie?" he yawned, shaking off his drowsiness. "Finished? Almost—not quite; but there is scarcely anything to do."

"My dear boy"—the new arrival perched himself on the arm of his chair—"do you know that this is the dwelling-place of the greatest heart-breaker in town?"

"Doesn't look it."

"Well, it is true, nevertheless, and the governor sent me to help you out, fearing you would not get through before midnight. Let us see what is here."

He leaned forward, and turned over the papers and bills tumbled carelessly together in the large, open compartment of the desk. He was rewarded by finding three notes. "This may be something," He scanned the envelopes critically, then shook his head. "All mailed to-day, and each in a different handwriting." He opened the first, glancing rapidly through it.

"Sent her a ruby heart-pin and a bunch of violets; that sounds encouraging." Then he opened the second. "Wants to thank him for his exquisite violets and the charming ruby heart-pin. Same to both of them—there is sentiment for you."

Little Flame had been reading the last. He looked up dolefully. "Sends the pin back, but will keep the violets that she loves."

Chappie struck his small fist on the arm of the chair and burst into laughter that was bewilderingly sweet, yet had something of the wicked hum of a bowstring in it.

"The lazy beggar!" he cried. "He wouldn't even take the trouble to pick out different gifts for them. No more sentiment than a hedgehog—not as much as a porcupine."

They opened the drawers of the desk and all the cupboards, even a secret panel that Archibald, who had inherited the desk, knew nothing about; but Little Flame was famous for finding such nooks. Not another line, not a picture, not a flower, ribbon, nor tender memento of any sort could be discovered. Chappie was chuckling still.

"Doesn't keep a thing; that is the way to do it. He is not going to worry himself with trifles and get the headache some day, stumbling over forgotten things."

"I don't believe he has a heart," groaned Little Flame. "A pretty report this will make."

Chappie was surveying the room with an experienced eye. "What about those photographs?" he asked. "Has he any more?"

"Nothing but race horses in his sleeping-room, and only those you see here, all lined up together. Can you make anything of that?"

Chappie shook his head. "Not unless they will talk a bit."

He jumped from the arm of the chair and fluttered over to the fire. There was a big easy-chair in front of it, and here he ensconced himself. The chair was of red

velvet; the firelight fell warmly upon it and enveloped Chappie in a rosy glow.

He half shut his lids and looked up; between the long lashes his eyes gleamed like purple sapphires. Little Flame crept closer, snuggled down on the hearth rug, and watched.

Chappie still kept his eyes upon the pictures and hummed a little tune; it was an air from the sound waves of a butterfly hovering over a rose, and his voice was like a harp struck softly. The pictures seemed to breathe under its spell, and Chappie looked innocently away from them into the fire.

The eyes of the photographs were riveted upon him, as love will hold a woman's eyes.

"I should put Archie Reed down as a cad," he murmured to Little Flame, shad-



"The new arrival perched himself on the arm of his chair."

ing his eyes a moment to wink at him.

"That is a very sweeping term," answered Little Flame, sitting up very straight, while curbing a desire to roll on the hearth rug. "It can mean almost anything unpleasant."

The profile picture of a woman in a big hat turned. She was not so pretty full face, and Chappie had noted out of a corner of his eye the struggle it had been for her to make up her mind to turn.

"You may call him a cad if you like," she answered, her voice clear and carrying, "but he is one of the jolliest, sweetest tempered men in the world, ready for anything, and an all-round good fellow."

"You think that, because he admires your profession—or rather, *the* profession," said Chappie, nudging Little Flame with his rose-leaf toes.

"He is awfully good to us." A wide-eyed girl was talking. "It is all smooth enough sailing now, since I have the right play to star in; but last year, when I was ill, he would have married me just to take care of me, if I would have let him." She gave a half pathetic laugh. "He has been so grateful to me ever since for not letting him that it is a bit trying; but I knew he never really cared."

"I think it is not so much the stage that he is fond of as music." The speaker was tall and willowy, gowned in filmy black, with straight features, and dark masses of wavy hair caught with a crescent.

"Pooh!" said the profile, posed sideways again. "He can't turn a tune."

"That doesn't constitute feeling for music," the Diana-like one continued.

"It is a passion with him, deeper than the mere desire to excel in it himself. I see it when I play for him;" her eyes grew black and dreamy. "He seems to feel it in every nerve, perfectly happy, perfectly content while he can listen."

A fresh, clever-looking woman here broke in. "I should say he cared more for books than music," she said. "He has chosen so many charming ones for me, and has talked to me about so many more. I feel quite afraid of him at times, he seems so learned."

"It is my opinion that he doesn't honestly care a rap about either." This was from a smart-looking girl in a riding habit, and she struck her boot impatiently with a crop as she spoke. "Give him a flt horse and the dew on the ground of a fall morning, and he'd take a piano and a hedge of books on the other side for a chance to be off with us." She raised her hand and gave a soft halloo, and the hound at her feet shivered in his sleep.

"He is selfish and cold-hearted, whatever his tastes," said a quiet-looking girl beside her. "I would not trust him a moment nor believe one word he might say, and I know what I am talking about." Her voice was cold but well modulated, and as she finished she drew her thin lips a little tighter together and looked around. She caught the eye of the girl in the picture like a painting, and the girl regarded her appealingly. The girl was in a ball gown, with roses in her hands, looking with clear eyes out upon the world that seemed a happy one to her.

"Don't—please don't say that!" Her manner was sweet and winning as she



"That of the girl with the roses he looked at first."

spoke. "I am sure you are wrong; how can he be what you say he is, when he brings out all that is best and truest in those he talks to? I have not known him so long, but—"

The thin lips opened again. "When you have known him a little longer you will find out."

A ship's clock, the only timepiece in the apartment, struck eight bells.

"Hush!" said Chappie to the photographs, and he and Little Flame scurried from the room.

A valet entered, freshened the fire and went away. At half-past twelve Reed came home. He was covered with snow. When he had taken off his things he sent his man away and sat down by the fire.

He looked into it a long while, then he raised his eyes to the photographs above him. He stood up and gathered them in his

hands. That of the girl with the roses he looked at first, then put it one side. The others he took one by one, scrutinized each carefully, and when he had done, laid it gently on the flames.

When they were gone he took that of the girl with the roses once more, and, touching it lightly with his lips, replaced it on the mantel-piece. Still standing, he looked long and tenderly down upon it. "Good night, little girl," he whispered; "you have made a better man of me already, and June is a long way off."

May D. Hatch.

His Duty.

BINGO: I suppose, merely as a parental duty, I shall have to take that boy to the circus.

Mrs. BINGO: But I don't want him to go this year, dear.

"Then I'll have to go alone."

IT greatly makes for deliberation and wise government that the excursion season is over, and Presidential progresses are discouraged by the inclemency of the weather and the sitting of Congress.

BOOKISHNESS

Another Hereditary Microbe Novel.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS has, through the machinery of a pseudonym judiciously revealed, and by preliminary discussion and solemn praise sent over in advance from England, prepared an atmosphere of expectant curiosity for her new novel, "The Open Question" (Harper). This is what William Winter would call "a pulmonary novel." It is the legitimate literary descendant of George Eliot and Ibsen, with the *Popular Science Monthly* as godfather. The unrelated facts of science are always too much for a sensitive woman. Indeed, they make sad havoc with the artistic temperament everywhere. The man of science always knows enough to know the compensations which Nature has up its sleeve; but the dabbler in science who converts it into fiction sees only the dire and implacable fact. A certain type of woman takes science as a decade ago she would have taken religion—with unrelieved gloom.

NEVERTHELESS, Miss Robins has written a novel with many unusual qualities. The first half of it, when the pulmonary motive is kept well in the background, is a really fascinating picture of child-life. It has the kind of reality that George Eliot gave to the *Tulliver* children. The boyhood of *Ethan* and the girlhood of *Val*, shown at different times in exactly the same surroundings, are as vivid as the earlier chapters of "David Grieve." It is unreservedly "good work," with that intensity about it that the reader calls absorbing. There is a great deal of it, and it has



"YOU SHOW THAT YOU ARE AWFULLY FRIGHTENED."
"SO WOULD YOU IF YOU WORE YOUR OWN HAIR."



"GREAT MOHAMMED! IT'S QUEER HOW QUICKLY BIG GAME CAN GET OUT OF RANGE."

the broad and leisurely quality of a three-volume novel—but it all counts in the picture.

Val is too fine a girl for the fate awarded her at the end. Her eagerness, her discernment, her appetite for life itself—because there is so much "to see, to feel, to find out about! Enough to last a million years. . . . No matter what comes, it can't help being frantically interesting. . . . just because, don't you see, it will be happening to me. That makes it quite new—makes it tremendous." There is the gist of her philosophy, and if she had not come up with a handsome, rich, and ænemic cousin with a New England grandfather, she might have lived it out to the very end—exultantly, bravely, defiantly, like her grandmother Gano.

But the marriage of first cousins with consumption on both sides of the house causes all the trouble, and raises the "open question," whether it is not often the part of wisdom to commit suicide for the good of the race?

There you are, gentle readers; there is fine material for the high art of fiction! Mr. Ibsen has not the monopoly of all the first-class ghosts of heredity. We can raise a few good American varieties. However, mighty few of us have the long lineage of the Ganos, and if we don't know our ancestors we need not worry about their diseases. If this kind of fiction continues to prevail, the only happy heroes will be those who are low-born. Men and women without ancestors will be eagerly sought after, because they may marry with a heart and mind free

from apprehensions founded on the sins or weaknesses of their fathers.

In the meantime, Nature goes right along killing the right ones for her own best purposes, and letting live the "fittest." We may not think so, but Nature is not doing these things according to a plan arranged by us—for to her a thousand years are as one day.

Ethan and Val no doubt meant well, but they were very silly—poor little grains of sand, thinking themselves a breakwater to turn aside the ocean! Droch.

Roses.

I'M taking roses home with me to-night; Red roses, costing half my weekly pay; They'll give my wife perhaps an hour's delight, And then she'll cast them carelessly away.

What fools we mortals be! Long years ago I plucked, with careless hand, wild roses red, And tossed them to a maid I used to know. To-day I found some rose-leaves, faded, dead,

Hid in a little corner where my wife Keeps sundry treasures stored; a note or two; A young man's photo; not, I trust, like life; A toy; a trinket; and a baby's shoe.

I'm fifty now, and counted somewhat gruff; My figure's portly and my hair is gray. Bah! One would think that I was old enough To scorn the mad joy of a bye-gone day.

And yet I felt unreasoning delight To find those withered rose-leaves lying there;

And—well, I'm taking roses home to-night; And all the time I wonder, "Will she care?" Geraldine Meyrick.

A Protracted Gift.

A CHILD who was delighted with the gift of a candy cat, said to her mother at the end of the holidays:

"I saved it and saved it and saved it, till it got so dirty I had to eat it."

A Last Resource.

KING'S DAUGHTER: Mercy! Do you allow that half-grown girl to read Zola and Ouida?

THE MOTHER: I must do something to keep her away from the newspapers.

Opera.

COMPOSER: Of course I can't write opera that everybody will be pleased with.

MANAGER: I don't ask you to. All I ask you to do is to write opera that everybody will pretend to be pleased with.

PROFESSOR: Sox is so wonderfully entertaining, my dear.

MRS. PROFESSOR: Indeed! In what way?

"Why, he listens to everything one has to say, and says nothing one has to listen to."



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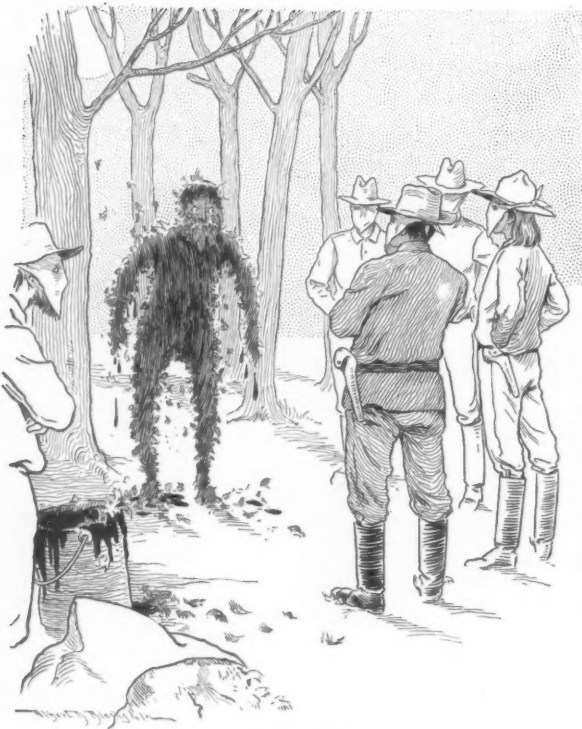
THE EDUCATION OF MR.
XXIII
IN A VILLAGE NEAR PARIS THE GIRLS MEET THE COURIER.



CATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXIII.

MEET THE COURIER, WHO SUPPOSES THEM TO BE ALONE.



IRREPRESSIBLE.

Vigilant: YOU DON'T FEEL QUITE SO GAY AS YOU DID, PERHAPS.
"ON THE CONTRARY, GENTS, I FEEL LIKE A BIRD."



At Wallack's and the Herald Square.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, according to color precedent, might appropriately have been cast for the mistress of "The White Horse Tavern." Failing Mrs. Carter's crimson tresses, Miss Amelia Bingham brought her blonde ones and a pronounced Indiana dialect to the rescue. The blonde hair is appropriate to the Austrian Tyrol, but the Indiana twang was a blemish, in spite of the fact that

several other actors in the cast used other dialects, ranging from the English of Mr. Felix Morris to the *patois* of Mr. Dietrichstein.

"The White Horse Tavern" is a most amusing comedy. It deals with the love of a head waiter (admirably acted by Mr. Frederic Bond, of whom we see too little in New York) for the mistress of the tavern, and various complications among the guests. It is not the funniest thing ever put on the New York stage, but it is funny; the fun is clean, and the piece provides a very pleasant way of diverting one's thoughts from Wall Street, the Filipinos, poisoning cases, and the other annoyances of life.



JAMES A. HERNE appeals to the public in the triple capacity of dramatist, actor and manager. As manager, he gives clean plays, adequately produced and carefully staged, cast, and rehearsed. His "Shore Acres," which has been seen the country over, was an excellent example of his methods in this capacity, and they are shown again in his new piece, "Rev. Griffith Davenport," now playing at the Herald Square Theatre.

As a dramatist, Mr. Herne belongs to the wholesomely naturalistic school. His stories are located amid familiar surroundings, and his characters are clean-cut and true to their place and period. In "Rev. Griffith Davenport" his scene is the valley of the Shenandoah and the city of Washington, about the time of the breaking out of the civil war. It will give the new generation a graphic idea of the way human hearts were played upon by the sectional differences of that time, and makes vivid the domestic side of the institution of slavery. Two of the acts end in ways that are outside of the conventional. In one, the minister represented by Mr. Herne is shown offering a prayer for the welfare of the Union. As this quotes directly from the Lord's Prayer, it may offend the sensibilities of those who believe in keeping the things of religion off of the stage, but it is simply and reverently done, and dramatically is a strong climax. The other is the end of the play itself, which throughout has been varied by powerful situations, and finally tapers off into a touching but uneventful and uninteresting love scene between the elderly preacher and his wife. While a strong finish is not necessary, this scene is so prolonged that it becomes tiresome, and makes one almost forget the really good things that have gone before.

Mr. Herne as an actor is also of the realistic school. We all remember the Meissonier-like minuteness of his methods in "Shore Acres," and, while *Griffith Davenport* is built on broader lines and is



NEVER.

Levi: DID YOU EPPER REAT HOW DOSE T'REE CHEWS, MESHACK, SHADRACK AND ABEDNEGO, COME OUDT OF DOT FIRE FURNACE ALL RITE?

Muldoon: OI DID. AN' DID YEZ IVER HEAR OF A HEBREW WHO DIDN'T COME OUT OF A FIRE ALL ROIGHT?



In the Klondike.

I'M only a homeless rover,
Up here in a Klondike camp;
I've looked my possessions over
By the light of my cabin lamp.
Though I'm an accepted lover,
I'm miles from that sweetheart of mine,
And I'm sore cast down,
For in Dawson town
I can't get a valentine.

I know she'll have roses from Harry,
A basket of Huyler's from Ned;
Beribboned carnations from Larry,
A poetic effusion from Fred;
A volume of Kipling or Barrie
From that idiot, Somebody Hall,
And nothing of mine
For a valentine,
Though she loves me best of all.

Must my sentiment stay unspoken
Because I've no candies or bards?
I know she'll be just heart-broken—
Stay! here is an old pack of cards.
Not a very appropriate token,
Nor suggestive of Cupid's darts,
But I know what I'll do
To prove I'm true—
I'll send her the



Carolyn Wells.

HAVING received the information on unquestioned authority, LIFE is able to make public a fact which will doubtless be of considerable interest to its readers and to the people of the entire country. The name of the statesman whom President McKinley has decided to retain as Secretary of War is Russell A. Alger, and he is a native of the State of Michigan.



The White House.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.

MY second term is now secure,
For in this valentine,
Just over Alger's signature,
Is written "I resign."

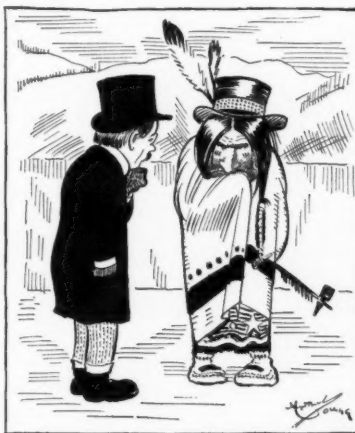
IT has been pointed out to LIFE that it has erred in speaking of the present year as the last year of the century. A careful reader sends word that the nineteenth century does not end until December 31, 1900. The careful reader seems to be right about it. It is better to have erred and learned than never to have learned at all.

THOUGH the lover and the admirer use very similar words, it is to the lover's that a woman really listens.

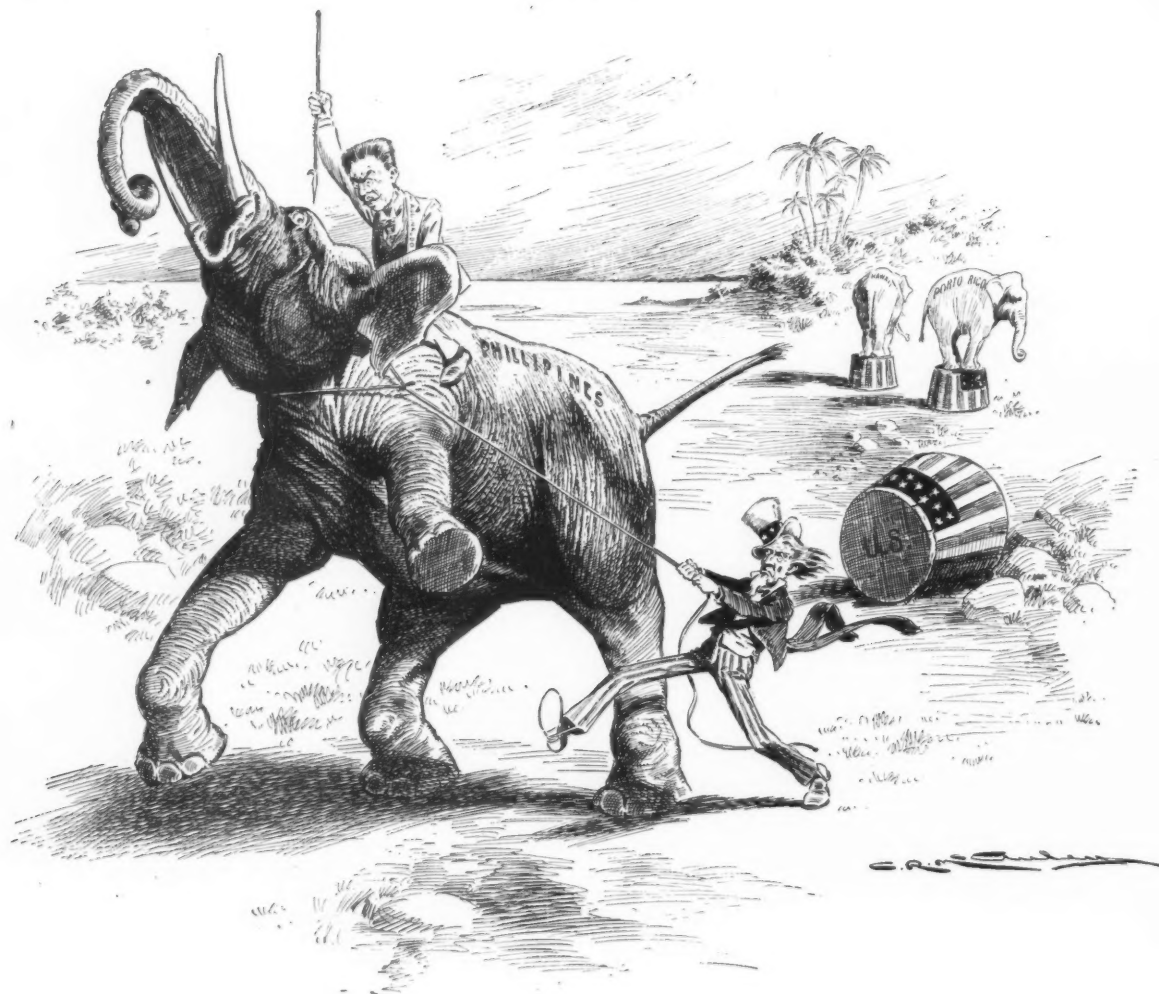
further away from eccentricity, it is an equally good example of the fidelity with which Mr. Herne tries to reproduce his types. At times we wish he would not carry this so much to the extreme, and resent the deliberation of action on his part which delays the movement of the play. The whole tone of this piece is so deliberate, all the talk being in the soft drawl of the Virginian, that Mr. Herne's slowness drags on the nerves of his audience. Mrs. Herne, whose admirable *Margaret Fleming* dwells in the memory, is charming as the Southern woman who sacrifices her prejudices and her property to her husband's sense of right.

Public opinion is apt to be divided on the question of the attractiveness of "Rev. Griffith Davenport." Mr. Herne can easily gain popularity for it by accelerating its action.

Metcalfe.



Young Missionary: TELL ME, LO, WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND?
"MUCH FINE PLACE—NO PALEFACE THERE."



THE ROGUE ELEPHANT.

The World's Progress.



It is expected that Lord Howe Poore will select a bride before he leaves America. Love is a power.

THE Evvor Gaddyngs are to dine next Saturday with the Sweetleigh Riches. Mrs. Sweetleigh Rich, as everyone knows, is a cousin of Evvor Gaddyng. Both are descended from Polhouse Gaddyng, the famous *beau*, who used to sit down when he was tired.

Miss Sniftie Bond ate too much chocolate Friday. She was better Sunday.

One of the most graceful broughams in the city belongs to the Kockie Lotts. In fact, everything of theirs is just what it ought to be. Their coat-of-arms is a dividend rampant, or, on two ancestors passant, gules. Kockie Lott is often seen at the windows of the Knickerbocker Club. He reads the papers every day, but says he doesn't care much for books. They bore him.

Mr. and Mrs. Graiton Kloze will go to Philadelphia in March for a two days' visit. Mr. Graiton Kloze trims his moustache twice a week. He says he feels better for it.

Among the Amateurs.

WIGGS: Why are you so anxious to be cast for the rôle of "Hamlet"?

FUTLITES: As I recollect the part, I get a chance to kill most of the other members of the company.

Those Manilas.

COLUMBIA: Oh, Dr. Bull, Samuel wants to smoke this nasty cigar.

DR. BULL: Let him, madame. It'll make him sick at first, but he's a very healthy boy, and the experience won't hurt him.

THE wise woman—but here we are reminded of the recipe for hare soup.



Miss Snowball (admittingly): YO' AIN'T MUCH ON SIZE, MISTAH JOHNSING, BUT YOUAH INWENTIVE GENIUS HAB OBERCOME QUAH GREATES' CO'TSHIP DIFFERCULTY.

A Rising Diplomat.

NOBODY knows how it began, but when it was well under way—this first quarrel of theirs—he was the dejected foundation for a heap of reproaches that she had cast upon him.

"From my point of view," he began his defense, but she broke in with a scornful "Your point of view, indeed! Are there then two points of view?"

He saw his straw, and did the drowning-man act.

"Yes, dearest, there are two points of view—more than two points of you, and they're all good points, too."

She melted; and thus it was proved again that, though Solomon was the wisest man, this latter-day chap was a little bit foxy himself.

BELL BOY: That novelist just opened a bottle of ink in his room.
HOTEL CLERK: All right. I'll charge him for corkage.



"WHEW! IT IS SO COLD OUTSIDE THE INCUBATOR THAT I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY OVA-COAT ON ALL WINTER."

J.

THERE was a rich man of N. Y.,
The gayest who ever dr. c.,
All manner of beasts
Were served at his feasts,
But he never was known to ch. p.

IF his (General Miles's) accusations had any foundation justifying them he could have proved them in a distinctly military investigation, and thus rendered service to his country by bringing about the remedy of the evils.—*New York Sun*.

And he would have had the prompt, hearty and cordial assistance of Messrs. Eagan, Alger & Corbin, outfitters and embalmers, in making such investigation:s. (Nit.)



HISTORIC CUBA.
THE SPOT WHERE SHAFER LANDED.

• LIFE •



WHAT was an inconsequential piece of business for the foreigners was annoying beyond measure for the Americans returning home. The inspectors pulled over the contents of the Yankee trunks. Anything which an inspector thought might be dutiable, and which was not on the declaration, was seized and turned over to an appraiser, who decided whether it was or was not dutiable. One of the passengers was James Lee. An examination of one of his trunks showed a half dozen pairs of socks, which the inspector concluded had been bought abroad, and which Mr. Lee had not included in his declaration. The passenger was questioned as to the socks. Mr. Lee admitted that he had bought them on the other side.

"Well, they are not on the declaration," said the inspector.

"No, they are not," said Mr. Lee, "but that's because I forgot them. If I had remembered them at all I would have said I had seven pairs of socks instead of six."

"Where's the seventh pair?" asked the inspector.

"I have them on. Would you like to look at them?" asked Mr. Lee.

The inspector said he would have to look at them, according to the law. An appraiser was called, examined the half-dozen pairs of socks, and then examined the visible portion of the pair Mr. Lee wore.—*New York Sun.*

ELDERLY colored people rarely know how old they are and almost invariably claim an age much greater than belongs to them. In a Southern family in the United States lives an old man named Jeff, who has been with the family and the previous generation for more years than they can remember. He is pretty old, and therefore his mistress was surprised when he asked to have a few days off, to go, as he put it, "up to de old State of New Haven," to see his aunt.

"Why, Jeff," said she, "your aunt must be very old sn't she?"

"Yes'm," he replied, "yes'm; my aunt must be pretty ole now. She's about a hundred and five years ole now."

"A hundred and five years old!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, what on earth is she doing up in New Haven?"

"Deed I don't know what she's doin', ma'am," rejoined Jeff, in all seriousness. "She's up dere livin' wid her grand-mudder."—*Exchange.*

JOHN LANCASTER, the comedian, tells a story that comes all the way from Quebec. He was sight-seeing with a Tommy Atkins one day while in that province, and they had as companion and guide an old soldier. When they reached the Wolfe monument, which is located on a historic spot, Tommy said, "Wot's this?"

The guide replied, "Ere's w'ere a great 'ero fell."

"Did hit 'urt 'im?" asked Tommy.

"'Urt 'im!" replied the guide. "W'y, hit killed 'im!"

—*New York Telegram.*

THE blind devotion with which an old servant did his duty was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner, Henry was nervous and made two or three blunders. His master cast angry glances at his servant, but the poor man could not settle quietly to his work. At last, when the dessert had been placed quietly on the table, he stole timidly behind his master's chair and said:

"Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last hour and a half."—*Argonaut.*

DURING the Porto Rican campaign, a green private from a Western regiment, who had ideas of his own about military discipline and personal independence, was detailed to act as orderly at General Miles's tent. A big consultation was on inside, half a dozen of the leading officers of the invading army being gathered in the General's tent. Someone called for the orderly and the green private appeared, made a pass at his hat, and ejaculated, "Well, Miles, what is it?"



THE CENTURY COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Two Standards. By William Barry.

Campaigning in Cuba. By George Kennan.

The "Maine." By Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N. Illustrated.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson). By Rev. S. D. Dodgson, B. A. (Oxford).

HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The Virgilians. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated.

The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Story of France. Volume I. By Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

The Story of Old Fort London. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

God's Prisoner. By John Oxenham. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Yale Verse. Compiled by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr. New York: Maynard, Merrill and Company.

Everyone was thunderstruck for a minute. General Miles's scowl changed to a quizzical smile. "Don't call me Miles," he said; "call me Nels. Miles is so formal, you know."—*Exchange.*

THE word "lady" comes in for some peculiar usage in these loosely democratic days. A Senator's daughter drove one day from her father's summer cottage to a store in a Massachusetts town, and ordered some articles to be sent to the house. When the goods were sent a mistake was made, and the Senator himself went to correct it. The proprietor called the saleswoman, and, after consulting with her, apologized for the mistake. "You see, sir," he explained, "the lady who took the order didn't quite understand what the girl said."—*Exchange.*

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The progress and stability of the Prudential Insurance Company of America is amply established by its twenty-third annual statement to Dec. 31, 1898. The insurance in force was increased \$51,000,000 over 1897. The insurance in force in both the ordinary and industrial branches was, Dec. 31, 1898, \$414,000,000. During 1898 \$164,000,000 was written, and \$5,389,403.13 was paid to policyholders. The rapid growth of its ordinary business is another decided feature. The insurance in force is \$80,554,863. The company placed on its books during 1898 some \$43,614,000, which made a gain of insurance in force of \$21,208,215. The assets of this company are \$1,200,000,000.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Outstanding Assurance, Dec. 31, 1898	\$987,157,134.00
Assurance Applied for in 1898 . . .	198,362,617.00
Examined and Declined	30,318,878.00
New Assurance Issued	168,043,739.00
Income in 1898	50,249,286.78
Assets Dec. 31, 1898	258,369,298.54
Assurance Fund (\$198,898,259.00) and all other Liabilities (\$2,160,550.27)	201,058,809.27
Surplus	57,310,489.27
Paid Policyholders in 1898	24,020,523.42

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MANHATTAN LIFE'S REPORT.

The annual statement of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company of New York has just been issued. It shows the company to be in first-class financial standing, and reflects great credit upon the officers. It shows that its assets on January 1st were \$15,538,726.24; its liabilities (including reserve on policies in force), \$13,985,816.74. This leaves a surplus on hand December 31, 1898, of \$1,552,909.50; increase in assets during the year has been \$394,785; increase in surplus, \$100,362.16; increase in new insurance written, \$1,366,829; increase in total insurance in force, \$1,009,979; the total income of the company in 1898 was \$2,554,969.93; and the disbursements were \$2,247,752.24; of which amount \$1,577,337.39 was paid to policy-holders. The gross payments to policy-holders have been over \$43,500,000.

SENATOR VEST relates this story at the expense of one of his Senatorial associates. In some way, he says, this Senator, who was usually good at remembering names, had forgotten that of a county chairman, and so bluntly asked it.

"Why," said the young chairman, in offended dignity, "I'm Jones. I thought you knew me."

"Of course I do," replied the Senator, quickly; "but which one of Mr. Jones's sons are you? I knew your father well for years."

"And he had only one son," was the unsympathetic reply.
—*Youth's Companion.*

POINTS ABOUT TELEPHONE SERVICE.

Telephone subscribers in New York have the use of the best equipped telephone system in the world. Every station has a long distance telephone set and is connected to the Central Office by a direct metallic circuit underground line. The rates vary with the amount of use. In private residences and stables the use of the service is not great, and consequently the cost is small, but the convenience is immeasurable. The telephone service puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends, day and night.

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose.

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "He is the wustest child I has. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de family, sah."—*Boston Journal.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of Hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"I WISH it would stop raining," remarked the Prince of Wales recently, as he gazed out of the club window. And the next day some busybody informed Mamma Vic that her naughty son had referred to her as "it."—*Chicago News.*

INFANT HEALTH.

Inquiries prompted the publication of "INFANT HEALTH" in pamphlet form by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Company, New York, and the appreciation of its value led to an elaborate edition, sent on application.

O'HOOIGAN: Aw, g'wan an' talk t' y'rself.

MURPHY: If I did I'd be talkin' to a sinsible ma-an, an' I'd be hearin' a sinsible ma-an talk.—*Wasp.*

"I PRESUME you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes; but his hair is all gone."—*Atchison Globe.*

THE HOTEL "THORNDIKE," BOSTON, opp. the Public Gardens. Has liberal management, modern details in every respect, and fine cooking. European plan.

It looks nice and home-like to see the baby at the table invariably eat his bread with a spoon, while he picks up maple syrup with his fingers.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

MR. KICKUM: I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I?

YOUNG MR. SMACKUM: I trust there is no mistake about it, sir. The light is none too bright, and I should be vastly disappointed if it should turn out that I was osculating with the cook.—*Wasp.*

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The guests admire the numberless presents of all kinds offered to the happy couple—sparkling diamonds, chased silver, rare laces, etc. One above all these draws the attention of the delighted women—that is, in a rich case some bottles of the Violette du Czar, the subtle perfume of Oriza-Legrand, the obligatory stamp of an elegant woman.

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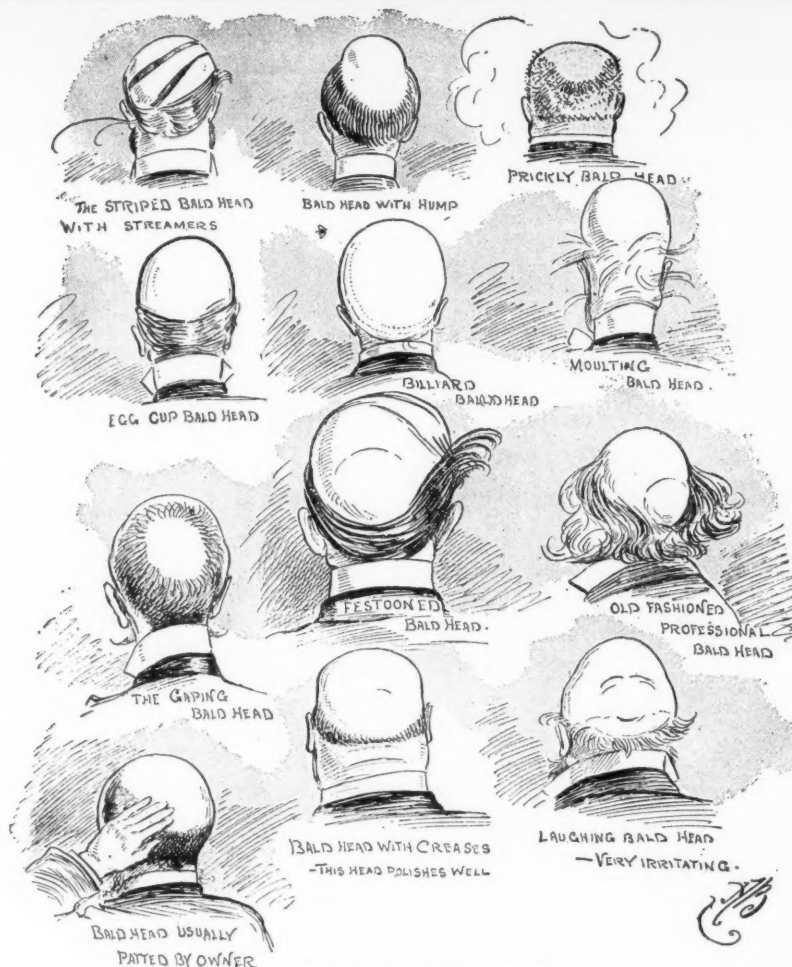
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Mr. Tallboys: Those cartoons, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," are very good.

Mr. Littlejohn: Oh, excellent, excellent! But don't you think Mr. Pipp is made to look just a *little* too small and extraordinary looking? You never saw *quite* such a funny-looking little man, did you?

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ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Manhattan Life

Insurance Company of New York.

HENRY B. STOKES, President.

INCOME IN 1898.

Premiums	\$1,846,720.39
Interest, rents and other receipts	708,249.54
	<u>\$2,554,969.93</u>

DISBURSEMENTS IN 1898.

Total payments to policy-holders	\$1,577,337.39
Other Disbursements	670,414.85
	<u>\$2,247,752.24</u>

Assets Dec. 31st, 1898, \$15,538,726.24.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in Force	\$13,739,980.00
All other Liabilities	245,836.74
	<u>13,985,816.74</u>

SURPLUS, DECEMBER 31, 1898 \$1,552,909.50

Total Paid Policy-holders since Organization, - over \$43,500,000.00

GAINS IN 1898.

Increase in Assets	\$394,785.00	Increase in New Insurance Written	\$1,366,829.00
Increase in Surplus	\$100,362.00	Increase in Payments to Policy-holders	\$19,419.00
Increase in Reserve	\$319,245.00	Increase in Insurance in Force	\$1,009,979.00